

jane's calendars for 1947



The greatest success in strip cartoon history is given Calendar form! To every admirer of Jane, a most welcome gift. There are six sheets to a set, beautifully printed both sides (12 months), with illustrations entirely different. Two sizes are offered 8" x 11" (printed in one colour) and 30" x 51" (printed in two colours). All edges blocked in gold.

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by PETT



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jane's
journal
by PETT

Taylor

PUBLICATION

Foreword



THE THIRD
IN A SERIES
OF THREE
ILLUSTRATED
BOOKS ON
THE SUBJECT OF
MODERN BEAUTY

"There is No End — " a Sage has said—
" Of Making Books — " and those who've read
Too many find, as they confirm,
Much study's but a weariness !

But here's a different kind of book
On which the weariest eye may look
Without undue fatigue or strain—
The Third (unenclosed) Book of *Jess* !

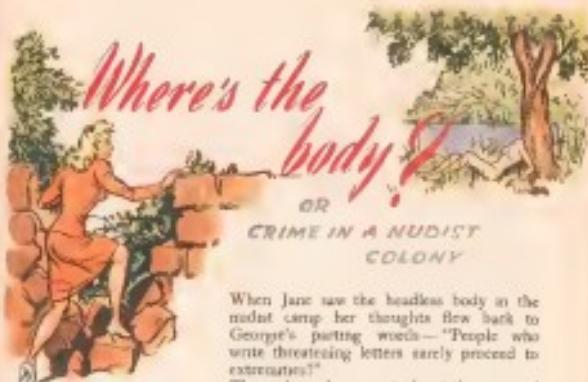
Hence the student may discover
New matter for the beauty-lover,
Is which the only " *atmos* " we
Thair interest to the studio !
Is short, the female form he'll see
Is all its fair variety—
Personated, the third you examine,
With what's skill and camera's currency,
By one who ranges, and long may reign,
The Queen of Glamour Girls — our *Jess* !

For while the world was rent with strife
Jane helped to soothe the warrior's life,
And twice her Journal travelled round
The bivouac, camp and battle-ground
(Though once, of Jane herself bereft,

Pete's Annual filled the gap she left).
And since her First and Second Journals
Recessed, from corporals to colonels,
A warm response and ready pause
In those now half-forgotten days,
Jane hardly hopes that thou, her Third,
Will be at anything preterm'd.
Her first endeavor, her friends assure,
Now in those piping times of peace !

No breath of war infects its pages,
Tho' men waded to battle's ranges
Will annually shrink in horror from
This type of "matronic" books.
Nor need post-war enthusiasts see
The reader who, for all his spec's,
Will feel no "shrigges" upon
Such clothes ! — nor Jane's "model" not,
And all may now enjoy again
These precious states of — our Jane !





OR
CRIME IN A NUDIST COLONY

When Jane saw the headless body in the nudist camp her thoughts flew back to George's pasting which—"People who write threatening letters rarely proceed to extortions!"

This is how she came to be at the scene of the crime. Since leaving the regular police, George Fringe had set up as a private detective, and Jane had gone into temporary partnership with him, playing Dr. Watson to his Sherlock Holmes. "Here's something in your line, Jane," he had laughed, while opening his mail that morning—"Trouble in the nudist colony at Little-Baring-in-the-Woods!"

"Skip the gags and let's have the bare details," said Jane with dignity. "Just the naked truth, eh? Well, Cyrus Tanner, the nature-cure chap, writes to tell me that a strange man has been prowling round his estate and even breaking into the house—"

"Goodness! what could any one steal from nudists?"

"It's not a case of stealing. The point is he has been receiving anonymous letters from some fanatic lately, threatening all sorts of violence, and as his own daughter, Minnie, frequents the woods in a state of nature, he fears some outrage. He doesn't want to court publicity by calling at the police, so—well, a dear and pop down by train. If you posed as one of the nudes—just as a matter of form—you might be able to spot this Peeping Tom!"

"Why not you?" cried Jane indignantly. "Your figure is as good as mine!"

"But not so likely to attract this particular type of crank, my dear Bessie. I'm busy investigating a rather peculiar theft from a West End store. If you run up against any rough stuff you can always phone me, although I don't anticipate trouble. People who write threatening letters rarely proceed to extortions."

So that was how Jane found herself tramping along a hot, dusty country road, with only Frits for company, under the shadow of a long high wall topped with broken glass which, she guessed, protected the extreme grounds of the nudist colony from peering eyes. She was just wondering when she would reach the gates when Frits suddenly chased a rabbit through a gap where the wall had partly

collapsed. Curiosity prompted her to scramble on top of the debris and peer into the woodlands, whose summer greenery was broken by the glitter of a placid lake.

And that was where she saw—it, and the unconscious irony of George's paring remark struck her in all its horror. The broken wall was too rough and the distance too great to encourage her to approach the body, besides, the murderer might still be lurking near the scene of the crime. The victim was past help, any way.

Calling to Fritz, Jane raced along the deserted road until she came to the gates and tugged madly at the bell. She was eventually admitted by a bronzed, middle-aged man who had donned a towel in deference to this visitor from the outside, and possible consciousness world.

"Mr. Tanner?" she panted. "I have come from the detective agency, in response to your appeal, but I fear—the fate!"

"Good heavens! What's happened?"

"A girl—by the lake—I saw her through the gap in the wall—." Cyrus Tanner, who had been hurrying by her side towards the big house at the end of the drive, stopped dead; and blanched.

"What gap?" he exclaimed, then gasped out. "That's my daughter! She always sits there, since these threatening letters, because she's visible from the house—but I was in another part of the estate, putting my class through their P.T."

"Go and see—but be prepared for a shock," Jane told him. "And don't touch anything. I must phone my partner."

The naturalist hastily indicated a telephone in the hall, and rushed off towards the lake as Jane lifted the receiver.

"George! It's started! That anonymous letter-writer's a killer!"

"His style certainly killed me!" came George's untroubled voice.

"But he's done it! In spite of what you said. I saw the poor girl myself—it's terrible—she's lost her head!"

"You sound as if you've lost yours, my dear. Now let's have it all."



quietly and calmly. The bare details, as you call them . . ."

Jane repeated her story. "He must be a homicidal maniac. He used a hatchet, at least . . . Oh, come quickly . . ."

She rang up and raced out of the house. In her agitation she scarcely noticed that the people who had gathered uneasily on the terrace—and must have overheard her phone conversation—were all in that condition which apparently amused the anonymous letter-writer to such frenzies of puritanical disapproval.

Mr. Tanner met her by the borders of the lake with a peculiar expression. "Is this a poor sort of joke?" he demanded angrily. "Where's Marian?"

Jane looked wildly round. *The body was gone!*

An hour later George arose from his scrutiny of the trampled grass and ferns. He had raced down by car, seen Jane through the gap and joined in her investigations beside the lake, while Mr. Tanner was feverishly searching the grounds for signs of his daughter.

"Any clues?" asked Jane eagerly. "Enough to show me you weren't mistaken. All the usual things, in fact. Footprints—signs of a struggle—blood . . ."

"Then we ought to call the police!"

"No body, no murder," said George sententiously. "I know you saw it, but we must produce it before we can prove anything."

"What about dragging the lake?"

"No, it's certainly not there. It would float, for one thing. Besides, these tracks leading to the wall point to the obvious fact that the culprit has *rescued the body!*"

"What an earth for? When? How?"

"Through the gap which he made himself to commit the crime. Then he must have driven off with it in a car, probably while you were summoning Mr. Tanner to the gates."

"Oh, George, and to think I might have caught him if I hadn't dashed away! What do we do next?"

"Well, you look very hot and bothered, old girl," said George.

kindly, "to say nothing of somewhat grubby after crawling all over the place hunting for clues. I suggest a dip in the lake to freshen yourself up. One more mudbat won't make any difference here!" Before Jane had time to reply to this flippant suggestion, there was a shout, and Mr. Tanner came rushing wildly towards them through the trees.

"You were right!" he yelled. "There's been a dastardly crime! My daughter's room has been ransacked—her drawers rifled—her jewel-case gone—!"

Jane found herself standing alone by the lake. George had darted off to the house with the disturbed nature, repeating his suggestion to her as he went. Well, why not? It was certainly very hot, and her irritation of a bloodhound amid the bushes had left her dirty and sticky. And the lake looked tempting under the sun. She began to strip, thinking there would be plenty of time for a plunge before George returned from the house and his routine questioning of its occupants.

Leaving Fritz to guard her clothes, she waded into the cool water. She was just thinking that medium has its perils when it comes to bathing when a furious outburst of barks from Fritz turned her eyes towards the land.

Then the blood froze in her veins.

An elderly man of evangelical appearance, with disordered grey locks and glittering eyes, was gesticulating on the bank. "Jezebel!" he raved, pointing an admonitory finger at her. "Salome! You are the hussy who tempts our young men! Come out—or I will have the waters of Jordan to wreak vengeance on you!" and the deranged old fanatic floundered into the lake.

"Help!" screamed Jane. "Fritz! Save him!"

George had a sympathetic hand on Mr. Tanner's hunched shoulder. "You will have to resign yourself to your loss, I am afraid," he was saying, while a series of shudders from the direction of the lake electrified all the nudes gathered on the terrace.



"Excuse me," said George. "I rather think Jane needs a towel. Can you oblige me? You're not using yours at the moment . . . I'll let you know when I have recovered—" he paused delicately—"the body."

The naturalist gave a wild, bitter laugh as George strode thoughtfully away. He found Jane still up to her chin in the water, while Fritz was worrying a fragment of black cloth on the bank.

"Why the impatience, old girl! Getting cold?" "I've met the murderer!" shrieked Jane. "A frantic old man like a wayward preacher! He nearly got me—but Fritz came to my rescue! I think it was more the affront to his decency than fear which made the old lunatic beat a retreat through that gap. I couldn't chase him because I'm not a natural instinct, but if you want a clue Fritz has got it—the whole set of his treasures!"

George began to laugh as he tossed her the towel and turned chivalrously aside while his distraught assistant came out to dry herself. "That's the anonymous letter-writer all right," he agreed. "Tanner told me about a half-crazy old sensualist who has been fabricating against the colony for months. Now as soon as you're dressed we'll go in search of—the body."

Jane was still in a state of agitated bewilderment when she found herself flying towards London in George's car. "I know you're wonderful, darling," she said, "but I do thank you might tell me why we're going home instead of pursuing the criminal." "Because we can't make an arrest without the body, my dear Miss Watson," the great detective explained patiently. "By a lucky coincidence this case links up with the one I was already investigating in town, and once more I shall need your assistance to locate the culprit."

Jane looked sharply at him. "What do you want me to do this time?" she asked suspiciously.

"Don't be alarmed," George soothed her. "It's another sitter for you—merely to pose in a shop window first thing tomorrow morning in a braiere and panties . . ."

It was only George's insistence that criminal investigators should not be squeamish (coupled with a deserving curiosity) that induced Jane to take up a recumbent position among a collection of dummies in various styles of underwear some time before Mensis Patterton and Showbody's opened the next day. Long before any shoppers were admitted, a young man of impeccable appearance climbed into the window apparently to give the exhibits some final attention.





Jane braced herself to sustain the stiff posture of an inanimate charmer—but it was a severe test of her endurance when she noted that the window-dresser bore a suspiciously bulky parcel under his arm. Her appearance had an equally disturbing effect on him. He started as if stung by a bee—then carefully laid his bundle aside and advanced with menacingly extended fingers.

"Ouch!" Jane uttered a shrill squeal. The young man, as if to impress himself that the pedestal was occupied by a live figure, had prodded her in a vulnerable spot, and her extended palm automatically swung out to catch him a resounding smack on the face! He staggered back—so find his arms seized from behind by George Perce and the manager, who had sprung into the window from the shelter of some hanging draperies.

"I suppose this *serves the sack*," he said defiantly, "but it's not actionable!"

"What?" Jane, unphased, but outraged, rose in all the dignity of black silk undies. "You've numbered an innocent young girl—and you say it's not actionable? Where's the body?" she demanded sternly.

The prisoner only giggled at her, but George stepped swiftly across to the bundle, stripped it of its brown-paper covering and revealed a nude but undeniably winsome figure whose sunburned head had obviously been replaced by an amateur hand!

"That's what you saw lying beside the lake, Jane," he explained grinning. "It was placed there by this amorous young window-dresser as a bland to deceive Miriam's father, while the young lady packed her things to elope with him!"

The manager burst out laughing. "Why did you have to proceed to this incredible extremity of folly, Tommies?" he asked.

"I was driven to it by circumstances, Mr. Showbody," confessed the crestfallen youth. "I had long admired Miriam—er—over the wall, but how could our love prosper when her father was pressing her to marry one of his physical culturists and *swee* was writing frantically

insulting letters about the *sordid* colony? It was Miriam who suggested the ruse by which she could join me without her absence being remarked, and I was in a position to provide—the body. I meant to return it, any way, but I am afraid we knocked its head off when we were interrupted by a dog chasing a rabbit."

"That must have been Fritz!" exclaimed Jane, smiling as this tale of true love was unfolded. "But I think it was marvelous of you to trace the body here, George!"

"That was fairly simple, as I had just been told of its mysterious disappearance from the shop window," said Georgie modestly. "When I found traces of wax and plaster on the grass—the blood, of course, was only enough to have been shed by the 'criminal' himself when breaking down the wall—and realized that Miriam had packed up and bolted, I felt certain enough to confide my deductions—or guesses—to Mr. Tanner. I am glad to say his relief was so great that he is reconciled to his loss and it only remains for Mr. Showbody to overlook this slight lapse on the part of his very resourceful window-dresser!"

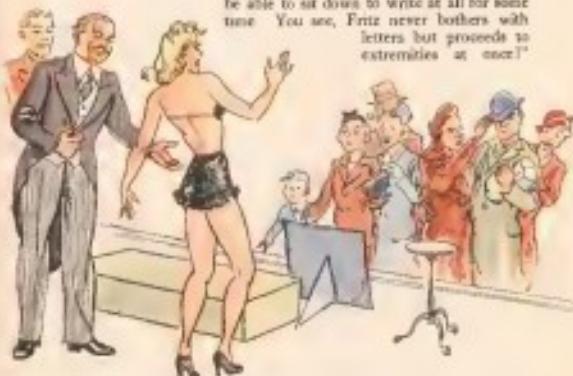
"Yes, do Mr. Showbody," pleaded Jane. "After all, you have lost no custom over it!"

"You are quite right, Miss Jane," replied the manager, indulgently. "In fact, I notice that this little tableau that we present—with you in the centre advertising our lingerie—has attracted quite a crowd of customers to the window."

"There's only one fly in the ointment, George," said Jane, later, as they left the shop together. "What will that young man's crazy father do when he learns his son has married a madam?"

"People who write threatening letters—" George reminded her sententiously. "I suppose you're right, as usual," laughed Jane.

"Any way, I doubt if the old farrago will be able to sit down to write at all for some time. You see, Fritz never bothers with letters but proceeds to extremes at once!"





Spring...

When Spring comes round
Jane gives a bound
And dances like a bird,
To stern Man !
She answers : " Bah ! "
And dances like a dam !



The Perfect Model



SHALL I Tidy IT UP FOR YOU? — I LOVE HOUSEWORK!





Doodling...





My mother said I never should...

If I can come back from Arcady
To hunt the British glade,
Enchanted would the great god
be
To meet a modern maid !

He'd hold her spellbound with
the call.
Of his wild woodland nose—
Then, like a man, he'd spoil it
all
By playing the gallant goat !



JANE SITUATIONS

*Thro' the Ages
A Hysterical Retrospect.*

The situations which Strip Queen Jane
Has made immortal throughout her reign

Are not to endeavor or speculate
As serious students are apt to state—
They're all to be faced in former ages
As those will see who study these pages
The first strip queen in the world was

Fair's
Though Jane would have done it without the leaves!





Venus emerged from the ocean swell—
To-day it's Jane—as a bathing belle!
And Parn, passing the goddesses by,
Would have called her the apple of
his eye!

Poor Atalanta's an also-ran;
To Jane—in the eyes of modern man;
And Galates would be still a stone
If Jane had posed on Pygmalion's throne,
While Jane (on a motor-bike, of course)
Would have "outstripped" Lady
Godiva—and her!





King Canute got his feet so wet
By peering at Jane from the shore,
I bet;
And Edward's dame would have
been a non-starter
If Jane had been there to found
the Garter,
While Sir Walter Raleigh had
nothing on Jane
In shedding his cloak when it came
on to rain,
And the Merry Monarch would
give him curtsies
To see her among the orange girls!



Finally, coming to recent times,
To round off these hysterical rhymes,
Good Queen Vic would have been confused
By Jane's contortions—but NOT amused!





Misplaced Endeavour.



"I'm sorry, did I scare you, bobbing up like this, Miss Jane?"

Watch the birdie!

"Sit up, Fritzie," says Jane to her dear little pet,

"And try to look pleasant—oh, do!

The cameraman's ready—the scene is all set—

And the eyes of the world are on YOU!"

But Fritzie, inspite of her penises and pats,

With one look at his beautiful missus barks: "RATS!"



FALLING for YOU

I'm falling for you, Mr Pett,
My head is in a whirl!
I'm swept clean off my feet, I bet,
But I'm that kind of girl!
Although you give me little praise
I'm still your willing thrall;
I only have to see you raise
Your finger—and I fall!

I've fallen for you, Mr Pett,
The last time—on my nose!—
And if that's not enough then get
Another girl to pose!
For frankly, tho' I've tried a lot,
The thing's begun to pall,
And Mother's bouncing girl is not
A blinking tennis ball!





'When the up-train passes under'

The tunnel—puff puff puff!
The fireman shouts: "By thunder!
That's a pretty bit of stuff!"

And Ted, the engine driver,
Peers madly out to spy
On a modern Miss Godiva
From the nudist camp near by!

As the up-train leaves the tunnel—
With a rumble
and a rumble—
The smoke pours
from the funnel—
The engine's too scared
to blurt?

But it's off to a race,
As the engine dashes key,
That Ted, the engine driver,
Gives a cheer
In his
way!





X Summer X

On Summer days Jane loves to laze
Beside the lily deep;
But passers-by get sand in eye
If they should stop to peep!



Fine feathers make fine birds, they say, but when it comes to Jane—

Well, it's not exactly her *plumage* that—I mean to say, other girls stay dressed to kill, but Jane—that is, her popularity is not so much due to the clothes she puts on as—

Dash it all! you'd have to spend a day with the gal to see what I'm getting at. You've no objection? I thought so. . . .

Let's assume you're the proverbial "visitor from Mars" and have never even heard of Jane. Her fame's world-wide, of course, but I suppose it hasn't spread afar yet—although no doubt she'll be a universal favorite as soon as we've established contact with the celestial bodies. Meanwhile, as a friendly alien you'll be interested in the most spectacular star in our earthly orbit. . . .

Why, here she comes down the street! Let's follow her. (No, we won't whistle—it would only confuse Fritz without putting Jane out a bit; she's used to it). She won't notice us, any way, because I'm only the chap who dresses her and you'll have your Martian cloak of invisibility on.

Yes, she's dressed as the height of fashion, as you observe, but

she has that temic expression on her face which can only mean she is going to buy some clothes.

What for? Well, it will elucidate my point if we accompany her on her shopping expedition. Shall we? . . . I thought so.

You see, I was quite right. She's paying a visit to her dressmaker. She passes through the door with that rhythmic, swaying gait—which-oh, you'd already noticed it?

Yes, it appears, from the enraptured homage of the manager, that her new winter costume is ready. This is a pretty big occasion, to judge from the endless conference that ensues. A gal can't be too careful with a lovely figure like that. These mustn't be a pleat too many or a fold too full to conceal it.

Ah! now she's going to try it on. . . . What a pity we can't follow her into that little cubicle to watch. But we musn't take advantage of our inconspicuousness, you know. Jane is notoriously shy, and she is always embarrassed when prying eyes surprise her in her undies. Yes, always. . . .

I'm sorry about this interminable pause, but—here she comes! And her new creation is well worth waiting for, isn't it? What style! What charm!





Bless us! she's going to wear it, too. She's having the other one sent home. Yes, the miss have an important date to make her step out in her new costume. Now where's she going?

Why, to buy a new hat to go with the new dress, of course. Not quite so exciting this, but she looks rather a duck in that little confessional, don't you think? I see it's gone to your head as well as hers. . . .

Aha! this is more interesting. The brazier's! Jane is going to get some stockings.

Yes, I quite agree. The pair she has on are pretty well perfect, as far as one can see (and you needn't go down on all fours to see further) but a girl can't have too much of a good thing. Especially with those legs.

Another disappointment for you, I fear. Jane is satisfied to test their silken texture on her *knees* before taking half a dozen pairs.

Off we go again! This time it's shoes. Now don't press forward, my little Marian. Afraid you can't assist the assistant to assist Jane try them on. Let the poor chap have some fun—even if he does look as if he's fitting her for knee-caps rather than footwear.

What's the next port of call?

Another draper's. Hurry up, or we'll miss her through those swing doors. She's making for the counter marked "Lingerie." . . .

Here! Hold hard! I never thought a man from Mars could be so worldly! Let the girl have a bit of privacy while she's selecting a brassiere. No, no, you can't



go in there. She's obviously going to try on the one with the yellow butterflies round the what-you-may-call-em . . .

Out she comes again, looking very pleased with herself. No, I can't tell any more than you whether she's wearing the things or not. Yes, yes, I dare say it is silly to buy pretty frippery and then hide them under a frock. But that's the way of the world—or the women in it.

Now we can follow her again—

Oh, no, sorry! We can't. It's panties this time.

Yes, the same remarks apply to these garments, too. Well, I suppose they satisfy some secret longing in a girl's heart. The idea is she knows she *looks* good underneath so she *feels* good on top . . . No, I don't mean "good" in that sense, I mean like a million dollars. . . . The worst of you Martians is that you're too literal.

So it goes on. Costume, hat, shoes, stockings, brassiere, panties, and what-have-you—and she returns exhausted to a tea-shop to recover from the orgy of clothes buying. It's a complete new





ng-out. It certainly looks as if Jane's getting ready for something really special this evening, doesn't it? Wonder what it can be. . . .

There she is, dressed up to the nines, and surrounded by parcels containing more finery. No wonder the girls stare at her as much as the men. They all envy her the extra coupons, you see.

Oh, of course, I forgot. You wouldn't know about coupons. Well, there's no time to go into all that now, but the point is that Jane is allowed more clothes than most women because it's her profession. She has to keep up a large and varied wardrobe. She's on the stage, you see.

Ah, you know what the stage is. You've got theaters in Mass., too, eh? (Thought it was only the theater of war, there.) Well, I'm glad to hear it. Saves a lot of explaining, doesn't it?

Now we'd better stick pretty close to her, because I've got a feeling we've reached a sort of climax. Her shopping is over. She's had tea and a rest and now she's calling a taxi. (Even taxes come when Jane calls.) Where can she be going after buying all those lovely clothes?

Why, what a bit of luck! She's on her way to the theatre (as if I didn't know).

It's the first night of her new show, and a small group of young men (and some not so young) have gathered outside the stage door to catch a glimpse of Jane as she steps out of her taxi and darts inside. A flashing smile, a friendly wave of the hand, a twinkle of silk-clad legs—and she's gone! But it was well worth while



to those ardent fans. They feel they've had a privileged peep at her private life—so much more intimate than her public appearance on the stage.

Perhaps this begins to explain the new clothes. . . . Now would you like to see her across the footlights? . . . I thought so. I've got a couple of free tickets—they're hard to buy when Jane's showing, especially on a first night—as we'll pop in.

(What about a quick one before we take our seats? . . . No?

. . . You've tried our banner, and after the amnesia of Mass.—I quite understand. And of course you don't want to miss Jane. I can see you're pretty keyed up by now. We'll go straight to the stalls).

Well, what do you think of our Jane? Nice style in clothes, pretty easy on the eye, but you'd like to see a bit more of her before you judge, eh? Well, you shall. . . . Take these opera glasses; I know we're in the front row, but you may need 'em all the same



A-mi-suk! Here she comes at last!

OH BOY!

What's that? Eh? . . . Sorry . . . Can't hear a word until this infernal clapping's died down!

Now—what was it you said?

"But she's got nothing on at all!! ! ! "

Exactly. That's what I've been trying to tell you from the start. You're surprised that she needs all those beautiful clothes to sustain her reputation as the least-dressed woman in town?

But she's got to have something to take off, hasn't she?

Now run along back to Mars and tell them you've seen one of the seven wonders of the world—and you're still wondering . . .



"Yes dear—nylons fully fashioned
2 pairs."



Autumn

AUTUMN LEAVES

In Autumn, Eve's
Symbolic leaves
Give Jane a sylvan grace;
But when at last
In sudden blast
They fall—she loses face !





Winter

WINTER WILLIES

In Winter, though
She gets a glow
From heater on the floor,
And does a pelt,
Jane's never felt
So cold behind before!





"Mirror, mirror, tell me true -"

or BEAUTY'S REFLECTION.

What is Milady dreaming
As she peers into her glass?
Is beauty more than seeming?
Or how the swift moments pass?

Ah no! the thought that's cooking
Behind that pensive pose
Is—"I hope nobody's looking
For I haven't powdered my nose



Senside memories



Round the Clock with Jane





Dog Tired

I'm bored with posing—and so
is Jane.
She's turned her back on me
again.
If she'd get up I could have a
nap—
I'm sick of warming the back of
her lap !





"Doesn't everything look beautiful in the setting sun, George?"

CARAVAN SERAGLIO!











"I can't help feeling I've forgotten something!"

Lady out of uniform or PICKING UP

NOW AT LAST
I CAN WEAR
THAT DINKY HAT
I BOUGHT
IN '42.

- BUT, I'VE
NOTHING TO
GO WITH IT!

MY PURPLE
ALWAYS
LOOKED
WELL!



WHAT ELSE
HAVE I
GOT?



OF COURSE
I CUT UP
THE SKIRT OF
THIS FOR
SHORTS.

THE THREADS

WHAT ABOUT
MY CORDUROY—



THANK GOODNESS
I'VE GOT MY
EVENING
DRESS —



BUT, HAVE I?



IT LOOKS
AS THOUGH
I NEED
EVERYTHING,
FRITZ!!



—THE COAT'S
GONE HOME!





Dont fence me in!

Be off, you boys ! Begone !
Away ! and give me air !
Though I've got nothing on
Don't stand around and stare !
And, let me add, it's not
Polite to look and call —
D'you think a girl has got
No modesty at all ?
So hence ! and leave the scene !
I prize my privacy !

Smaller, you'll come between
The conversation and me !



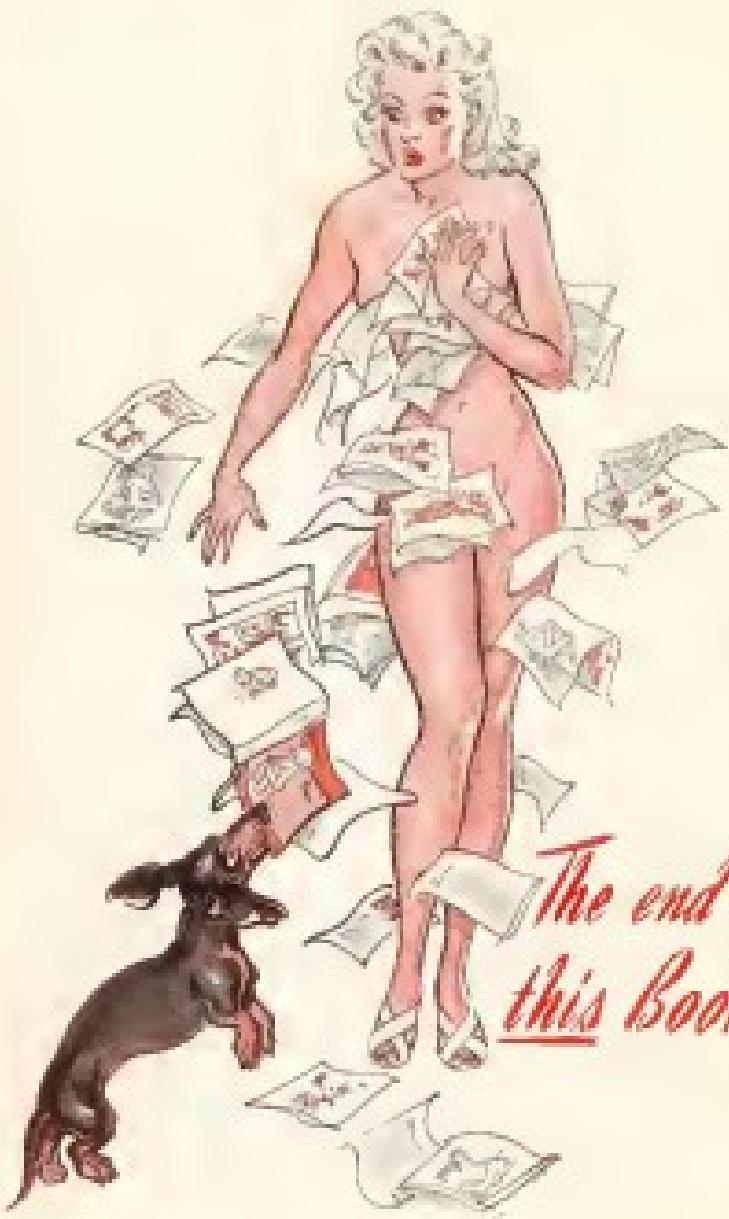
Strip Golt.





*a page from PETT'S
Sketch Book*





*The end of
this Book.*